

## FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Amusing Story of the Friendship Between a Dog and a Magpie.

## STRANGE BUT DEVOTED COMRADES.

How They Fed and Played Together—Attacked by Wolves—A Fighting Pony Springs At Them and Comes Off Victor.

I am fond of animals—but I don't believe I need tell that to my fellow Eight O'Clockers as a piece of news, for I have no doubt they reached that conclusion some time ago. Well, this being the case, I always make it a point wherever I go to learn all I can about every body's pets, and make notes of the interesting things I pick up in this way.

So recently, while on a visit to friends, I heard several stories. One of these was about two pets that belonged to a young man named Harry. One was named Bevis and the other Dollie. The first was a handsome retriever dog, the second a magpie. Bevis picked Dollie up in the woods one day, and, as her wing was hurt, his master carried her home and nursed her until she was well. She had evidently fallen out with her brothers and sisters, and therefore another fall-out of the nest—followed. There is a good moral in that, too, if you look for it.

As soon as the young magpie's wing was well Harry set her free, but she refused to go away. She evidently decided in her own mind that she had a nice, easy time of it, and so she elected herself an active member of the party, rather than go off and earn her own living.

Dollie, as they named her, and Bevis were fast friends from the beginning. Magpies, as you know, are of a bold, confident disposition and easily tamed. When they come to know their friends, and they make no mistakes about that, they can be turned loose, and they will holler and there without fear, attending to everybody's business except their own.

Dollie evidently recognized the fact that she owed her life to Bevis, for she would have died if he had not picked her up. So she adopted him, and he, oddly enough, reciprocated her affection. They were a strange pair of comrades, as one could imagine. Wherever Bevis went, there went Dollie also, either snuggled cozily on his back or his head, or playing and hopping along at his side.

This strange couple always answered the calls of their master, and he was very fond of them, and would have been greatly astonished if they had failed to receive a portion of the good things. Sometimes Bevis was the first to receive a tidbit, and then he uttered a low call, and laid it down before Dollie, who gave an answering note, thanks before eating the bit thus presented.

There was nothing mean about Dollie, and she gave Bevis back as good as he gave her. As soon as her turn came, she always hopped up to Bevis, and if he was lying down, she would reach him and actually put the foot in the big mouth he opened to receive it, or else put it down before him and stood on one foot, with her bright black eyes fixed on him, while he enjoyed her present.

It was only a bird and a dog, but for all that their behavior was a more touching picture of usefulness and affection.

But strange as this sight was it was a still more comical one to see these two odd friends at play, and it was something higher and better than comical to see how they adapted themselves to each other, the dog to the bird and the bird to the dog. It really did seem almost uncanny at times, said their master.

Bevis could have crunched Dollie's life out at one snap of his strong jaws, while Dollie could easily have put his eyes out at one stroke of her bill, but neither felt the least fear of the other. One of their favorite games was to go out in the grass together and roll over each other in playful play, and Dollie, never fearing, actually let Bevis take her head in his mouth, and though he pretended to be in a dreadful rage, growling and holding on to each other, he never bit or did he ever once pull out, nor, though Dollie in her turn scolded and fanned her wings on his back, pecking at his head and ears, did she once break the skin or bruise her beloved playmate.

Now, when you could have seen them chase each other, Bevis tearing off at full gallop, barking, and Dollie flying after him, screaming at the top of her voice, alighting on his back with a triumphant shout, and holding on delightedly as he walked sedately back to the start, and then Bevis would seize him by the tail, and let him land her turned, half flying, until Bevis was alone, and then the two rolled over in a free, friendly fight. Sometimes the dog won the victory, and sometimes the bird, but it was always a game and good natured play.

"Poor Dollie," said Harry, "she was shot by a man who thought her a wild bird, and Bevis mourned for her as sincerely as if they had both been human beings. I believe it showed his heart, for he was so fond of her, and would have died for her, and in two months the poor fellow lay down and died."

"They had been together for eight years, day and night, for Dollie perched in his kennel, and as soon as he awoke Bevis could not get along without her."

Attacked by Wolves.

Once Nebraska had been visited at her neighbor's, she started for home when it was nearly dark, but as it was a moonlight night, she did not feel lonely, and had just thought, "What a lovely evening for a ride," when she saw two wolves stealthily following. She urged her horse to go on, and speed and tried to think out what she should do, for she was by this time only half way home and seven miles from the nearest house.

She kept perfectly still, because she knew that if she screamed before she was attacked, although it would scare the animals away for the moment, they would come back again, and get used to the noise and, when they were by it, she felt certain so few of them would not dare attack her, for wolves are very cowardly, but she also knew that they would surround her, and she was almost instantly attacked by the pack almost instantly.

The wolves were now in full pursuit, and she, glancing back, saw there were three. She was alarmed indeed now, and as they were gaining on her every minute, she knew something must be done, if she was to reach home alive. She knew the wolves would not long hesitate to attack her, for there was quite a large pack of them gathering. Her pony, too, sniffed danger, and the next instant, before she could comprehend what he was going to do, he had turned and sprung right into the midst of the snarling pack, pawing and kicking right and left.

He had, not forgotten his wild habits, nor how he had many times saved himself from the ferocious animals. And now his bravery stood his mistress in good stead, for as his feet came down on the wolves' fierce eyes showed that he was dealing gentle blows. In a few seconds there were four stretched dead on the ground, and the others had fled.

The young rider had thought, as soon as she knew what he was going to do, that she was safe if she could keep on his back, and this required all her strength and skill. When the pack were gone she looked down at the dead bodies and shuddered as she thought of her narrow escape. With no injuries and only a few anxious minutes she had secured four dead wolves, worth more than \$50.

She dismounted and slung them over Pawnee's back and then hurried home.

No need of saying that her father and mother were surprised to see her come up with the door and exhibit triumphantly four slain wolves.

After his glorious exploit the pony was more petted than before. Did he not deserve it?—St. Nicholas.

A Dean's Joke.

A funny story is told of Dean Swift, who was a man and fond of a joke at the expense of other people, as most witty people are. One very odd night, when he was traveling, he stopped at a little inn. There were only one fire in the house, and the guests of the inn, crowding about it, left no place for the new arrival.

With a solemn face Dean Swift called to the hostler and told him to get a peck of oysters immediately and take them to his quarters.

"Will your horse eat oysters, sir?" asked the astonished man.

"No, sir," he said, "but I have seen the horse's master."

The people around the fire stared at the man who owned this curious horse and nearly every one of them left his seat and

went out to see the remarkable horse eating oysters.

Then the cunning Dean made himself comfortable in the warmest corner and ordered his supper.

Presently back came the hostler, with the disappointed crowd after him.

"Don't touch them, sir," cried the hostler.

"Then take the foolish animal all the oysters he can eat," replied Dean Swift. "You can bring the oysters here. I'll eat them for supper myself."

## NEW YORK NEWS.

Items of Interest Gathered from Our Exchanges of Yesterday.

Superintendent W. A. Conklin, of the Central Park Menagerie determined yesterday to transfer the hippopotami from their summer quarters to their winter abode in the lion house, and an enclosed road was made with old disused railings, backed up by wooden cases and made strong with the help of much rope.

The superintendent and Hugh Downer, the guardian of the hippopotami, were the principal actors in the scene. A keeper was present and hundreds of the curious besides.

It was about 4 P. M. when Downer began to coax Mrs. Murphy out of her pen, offering dainty loaves of bread, and the mother would have gone willingly enough, but little Miss Murphy, just like the rest of her family, was present, and of course the mother would go back, too. After half an hour Mrs. Murphy and Fatima were actually inside the house and the gates were closed.

The next animal to be housed was Caliph, the father of the family. Downer and Fatima were surprised at his willingness to change his quarters, for he dashed out of his pen "hully-ry" and opened mouthed. Downer made an escape over the low iron fence to the right, but Harry went down the homestead and got over the far fence in an incredibly short time.

An addition to the menagerie is a hyacinthine macaw from Brazil, a present given by the Misses Agnes and Belma Sterlitz, which has been placed in the parrot house.

## WHY DOES HE RESIGN?

A church meeting of the Puritan Congregational Church in Lafayette and Mercer avenues, Brooklyn, was held last night to act on the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Ingersoll, the pastor, which he unexpectedly presented at the service last Sunday morning.

Dr. Ingersoll explained that during the week he had received a call to the Park Congregational church at St. Paul, but had not yet accepted it. He very firmly declined to withdraw his resignation or to reconsider it.

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Although efforts were made to draw out a further explanation from Dr. Ingersoll, he remained silent, and even refused to respond to this appeal from Mrs. Kate Upson Clarke.

"Why, what's the matter? Are we so bad that the pastor can't do anything with us?"

PERHAPS UNCLE SAM WILL DO AS DOCTEER.

Collector Hendricks will probably not take any steps to regain possession of the Conqueror, Frederick W. Vanderbilt's yacht, which was seized by men from the United States Marine Corps on Thursday, a process issued by Judge Brown, of New York, the specter of customs, who had charge of the yacht when the marshal's men seized her, made a report in writing to the surveyor yesterday. He had been instructed not to give up possession of the yacht until he was forced to. He had made a show of resistance, but as there were six deputy marshals, it was only a show.

TO STOP THE ESCAPE OF IMMIGRANTS.

General O'Brien has determined to stop the escape of detained immigrants, which has for some time past been going on, at the Bargue Office. He has suspended John, captain of the night watch, and three of his assistants, and other men will fill their places tomorrow.

General O'Brien said yesterday that he was convinced that there was a sort of "underground railroad" in operation at the Bargue Office, and that the people who escaped did so with the connivance of employees. On Thursday night a detained immigrant named Herman Feld was found, but was captured before he got out of the Bargue Office.

DISAPPEARED WITH HIS BORROWED FINKEL.

Herman Feld, a waiter, of 176 Suffolk street, was arrested at the Essex Market Police Court yesterday to answer a charge of grand larceny, charged by Louis Levine, a tailor, of 144 Heister street. Levine alleged that on April 15th last Feld induced him to accompany him to a photograph gallery, "Levene," Feld is alleged to have said, "I've a good chance to get married. Lend me your watch, chain and key to take my picture, and I'll give you \$100." Levine complied with Feld's request, and then Feld said that one thing was lacking, and that was a walking-cane. He went out to purchase one, and Levine did not see him again until Thursday night, when he returned in a drunken state. A pawn ticket representing the property was found, and Justice Duffy held the defendant in default of \$1,000 bail.

BUSINESS TROUBLES.

Thomas P. Stevenson has been appointed receiver for Stanley & Hall, manufacturers of electrical supplies at 34 Franklin street.

Deputy Sheriff McGinnis took charge yesterday of the store of Max Silberman, doing business as Max Silberman & Co., and American Plush Ball Company, importer of handkerchiefs at 250 Canal street, on attachments of \$2,383.

I. V. D. Heard, a lawyer of St. Paul, has made a general assignment. Liabilities, \$100,000; assets, \$50,000.

Daniel Castro, a wholesale tobacco dealer of Chicago, has made a general assignment. Liabilities, \$50,000; assets about the same.

FOUND WITH HIS THROAT CUT.

Connor Ward, sixty-eight years old, who was formerly a well-known politician in Orange, N. J., was found last evening in an outhouse in the rear of John Higgins' liquor shop, in Centre street, in that city with his throat cut. Ward, who was weak from loss of blood, said that he had been attacked by a negro, and cut with a razor. When Ward was searched by the police, however, a razor was not found, and he was found in his pocket, and the police say there is no doubt that he attempted to commit suicide and inflicted the wound in his throat himself. Ward has been leading a dissipated life for some time. He was removed to the Memorial Hospital.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

A Real Estate Agent Who Has a Lot of Garbage on His Hands.

Editor of The Times:

A day or two ago I received from the Board of Health a notification that a nuisance existed on a certain premises on Seventeenth street and was ordered to have the same abated within five days. Having secured at the service of a plumber, we proceeded together to the designated spot, and there found that there was ample room for the complaint, but the nuisance had been caused by depositors from the street and from the adjoining house. Willing, however, to do anything possible to promote the health of the city, we directed the plumber to unstop the closets and clean up the premises thoroughly and remove the filth. The day following we were notified that the job had been completed with the exception of removing the filth from the premises, which consisted of old ashes, peach stones, decomposed garbage, dead rats, etc.

This the plumber said he did not know how to dispose of; the city carts would not haul it away, and if he hired a wagon to take it there was nowhere that he was allowed to dump it. The city forbade its being dumped within the city limits, and the city would object to its being dumped on their lands, and the important question is, What are we to do with it? It will not burn, so the crematory would not help us even if it were in operation. We cannot eat it, so what are we to do? Can you help us out of the difficulty?

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Train Robbers Repulsed.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 10.—A Paris (Texas) special says a desperate attempt was made to hold up the south-bound passenger train on the "Frisco" road one hundred miles north of this place at 5 o'clock this morning. The robbers, armed with revolvers and pistols, without resistance, none of the robbers fired a shot, and the train proceeded on its way.

Conductor Jack Carr knocked one of the robbers down with his lantern just as he was trying to fire his revolver within a foot of the conductor's breast.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that application will be made to the Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company for a renewal of CERTIFICATES OF STOCK No. 228 and No. 229, and No. 230, respectively, of the stock of said company, or either of them, on or before the 15th day of November next.

JNO. M. DOUGGETT.

## AUCTION SALES.

MONDAY, October 12th, at 10:30 A. M., trustee's sale of stock of groceries, etc., 221 South Pine street.

MONDAY, October 12th, at 11 A. M., high constable's sale of household goods at 1302 east Franklin street.

MONDAY, October 12th, at 5 P. M., sale of brick residence, 931 west Grace street.

MONDAY, October 12th, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., at 211 east Broad street, sale of household furniture, Ellis & Cathcart, auctioneers.

MONDAY, October 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M., at 427 east Broad street, sale of a well-selected stock of drugs, medicines, etc.

TUESDAY, October 12th, at 10:30 A. M., at Nos. 22 and 24 north Ninth street, sale of damaged portion of stock from fire at Miller & Rhoads, George W. Mayo, auctioneer.

TUESDAY, October 12th, at 4:30 P. M., trustee's sale of lots for manufacturing and home sites on York River railroad and Lewis street, Anderson & Tolland, auctioneers.

TUESDAY, October 12th, at 5:30 P. M., trustee's sale of frame dwelling, 109 west Cary street, Frank D. Hill & Co., auctioneers.

TUESDAY, October 12th, at 5 P. M., sale of frame dwellings 716, 718 and 720 north Twenty-third street, J. Thompson Brown & Co., auctioneers.

TUESDAY, October 12th, at 4:30 P. M., trustee's sale of dwelling on Williamsburg turnpike, Fulton, Bowman, Boswell & Shuman, auctioneers.

WEDNESDAY, October 12th, at 4:30 P. M., trustee's sale of frame dwellings 410 Webster and 419 1/2 and 421 Cabell street.

WEDNESDAY, October 12th, at 5 P. M., trustee's sale of frame dwelling, 1107 Grove avenue.

THURSDAY, October 12th, at 4 P. M., sale of store and dwelling corner 33 James and Duval streets, Chewning & Rose, auctioneers.

THURSDAY, October 12th, at 5 P. M., sale of store 222 west Broad street, Chewning & Rose, auctioneers.

FRIDAY, October 12th, at 12 M., in front of Henric county court-house, sale of a farm of 100 acres of land, Chewning & Rose, auctioneers.

SATURDAY, October 12th, at 4:30 P. M., trustee's sale of new two-story brick store, 730 north second street, Charles A. Rose, auctioneer.

FOR SALE.

TO YOUR TASTE.

We will build, to suit you, on beautiful lots in the growing WEST END.

And give you ten years to pay for a home in the WEST END. The houses are built of brick and cold water, range, bath, and all modern conveniences. Street cars. Consider this before buying a home. Will be pleased to show the property at any time.

R. B. Chaffin & Co.,

NO. 1 NORTH TENTH ST.

FOR SALE.

A most desirable COTTAGE, six rooms, with a TWO-STORY KITCHEN, good well and a very large LOT running through square. Just beyond Barton Heights, on North avenue. In less than six months the property will be finished, and a street-car line will pass in front of above place, when prices will advance. Small cash payment, balance in monthly payments if desired. Apply to

A. F. CORDEN, 429 east Broad street.

FOR SALE.

A few more of the most desirable LOTS on Chestnut Hill, situated on Third and Fourth streets, Chewning & Rose, auctioneers.

THURSDAY, October 12th, at 10:30 A. M., trustee's sale of lot on Williamsburg turnpike, Fulton, Bowman, Boswell & Shuman, auctioneers.

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## AUCTION SALES—Monday.

By Ellis & Cathcart, General Auctioneers, 24 east Broad street.

WE WILL SELL CORNER FIRST AND BROAD STS.